White Pine News.

ELY, - - - - NEVADA.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"What's good to stop a shed of hair?" "Have it shingled."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wise—They'll never get women to join the army. Mrs. Wise—Indeed! And why not? Wise—The uniforms are all alike!—Puck.

War photographer—Business with me is developing. How is it with you? Ammunition manufacturer—Booming, thanks.—Town Topics.

"Here's an egg with two yolks; isn't that a bad omen?" "No; that doesn't mean anything. It's just a 'yellow extra.'"—Chicago Record.

"Angie actually wears suspenders on her bloomers." "Why not? Probably she is trying to brace up and be a man."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

She—I noticed Doctor Singleton calling at the house of that young widow almost every day. She must be pretty ill. He—Not ill; only pretty.

Assistant—This critic finds fault with the prima donna for "uncertainty of attack." Manager.—He ought to be around when she tackles me.—Puck.

"Mr. Johnsin, does you know whar de sailors got dot name of 'tars' applied to them?" "Sure; in some pitched battle, of course, suh."—Princeton Tiger.

"You are my sun," he breathed, passionately. "Have you noticed that lately the sun has a ring?" she inquired, with a delicate blush.—Town Topics.

"Does Aunt Rebecca take an interest in the war?" "Yes; she says she hopes the guns won't be near enough to disturb her sitting hens."—Chicago News.

Hardluk—My life reminds me of the career of a golf ball. Feltz—Why? Hardluk—Because I am helped out of one hole only to get into another—Bazar.

"So your wife went without a new gown to buy a silk flag—what touching patriotism." "Well—partly that and partly because she wanted to out-shine her neighbors."

One War Correspondent—There is one religious rite I could delight in. Another One—And what is that? One War Correspondent—Swinging a censor.—Minneapolis Journal.

"When I proposed to her she asked me if I was a new recruit." "What did she mean?" "She wanted to know if I had ever participated in an engagement before."—Chicago Record.

"They tell me your wife is a particularly fine housekeeper." "Excruciatingly so. I've seen that woman sprinkle the clock with insect-powder to get rid of the ticks."—Detroit Free Press.

Patriotic Customer—Yes, I'd like to buy that flag you just showed me, but the price is too high. Can't you come down a couple of dollars? Dealer—What! Lower Old Glory! Never.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Where on earth could she have picked up so insignificant a man for a husband?" "I haven't any exact information, but he looks as if he might have gone with a pound of tea."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"So Kallseum has got the part of walking gentleman in the new play. I wonder how he will acquit himself." "First rate, I should think. It's been his way of getting from one town to another these many years."

"What is your honest opinion concerning Americans?" inquired the interviewer. "Let me understand," returned the eminent Frenchman. "Are we speaking with reference to the Cuban affair, or the exposition in 1900?"

Uncle John—They tell me that your friend is a terribly awkward fellow; that he doesn't know enough to eat with his fork. Theodore—Shouldn't be surprised. He has always eaten with his mouth when I have been with him.

Counsel (to witness, the father of a family)—Why are you so certain, Mr. Smith, that the event occurred on such a date? May you not be mistaken? "Impossible, sir. It was the day I didn't have to buy any of my children a pair of shoes."

Servant—No one, ma'am, exceptin' a tramp. He wanted somethin' to eat, but I told him there was nothin' ready, an' he'd have to wait till the leddy of the house got back from the cookin' school, an' mebbe she'd make him somethin'. Mistress—Of all things! Did he wait? Servant—No, ma'am. He runned.—New York Weekly.

An old Scotch minister was often obliged to avail himself of the aid of probationers. One day a young man, vain of his oratorical powers, officiated and on descending from the desk was met by the elder with extended hands, and, expecting high praise, he said: "No compliments, I pray." "Na, na na," said the minister, "nooadays I'm glad o 'onybody."

"Mistuh Pinkley," said Miss Miami Brown, "what is dis here diplomacy?" "Well, I dunno whethuh I kin transparify de question so's you'll see froo it. But ef de lan'lord comes 'roun' foh de rent an' I says I ain' gwinter pay, why, I gits put out. But ef I tells 'im ter come 'roun' nex' week, an' nex' week tells 'im ter come 'roun' ag'in, an' so on, dats diplomacy."—Washington Star.

Materfamilias (to candidate for the post of cook)—Your general character is excellent; but before engaging you I must find out something more from your last mistress about your cooking of fancy dishes. Candidate—Oh, you may make your mind easy on that point, mum. The last family I lived with was just gettin' into society through their table.

Coalinga, Cal., announces a new oil well, the flow of which is 700 barrels per day.

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Value and Cost of Fodder as Feed Depends Upon Its Management—Amateur Surgery for Animals—When Weeds May Be Killed.

Managing the Fodder.

The value and cost of fodder as a feed for stock during the winter depends largely upon the stage at which it is cut, the curing and the manner of storing. If allowed to get too ripe and then is put in rather small shocks and allowed to stand out in all kinds of weather until wanted for feed, it is questionable if the value of the feed secured will pay the cost of cutting and hauling. But if cut in good season, properly handled during the curing out, and is properly stored away, it makes a cheap, wholesome feed for all kinds of stock.

The cutting should begin as soon as the grains begin to harden well. Where any considerable acreage is to be harvested it will be economical to use a corn harvester. When it can be done, the best plan of management is to cut and put up in reasonably small shocks, as the fodder will cure out more rapidly and the corn will be ready to shock out and crib easier than if put up in large shocks, and if saved with the least loss it is best to get the corn cribbed and the fodder stored away as early as possible. But where the fodder is to be left standing in the field until wanted to feed to the stock, it will be better to put up in good sized shocks, as in this way there will be a less per cent exposed to wind, sun and storms. As soon as well cured, husk out the corn, throwing directly into the wagon, tie the fodder into convenient bundles, and store as much as possible under shelter. What can not be stored under shelter should be stacked up convenient to the feed lots. Fodder will keep in a better condition with a much better per cent of loss if managed in this way than if in shocks in the field.

Another very good way of managing, and especially so if the corn is to be ground before feeding, is to run the corn fodder through a threshing machine, loosing the concave some in order to feed through faster, and rick up the fodder. The stock will eat more of the stalk if put up in this way than if kept whole. Good fodder kept in a good condition is almost equal in feeding value to good hay, but this may be greatly lessened by careless management.—Globe-Democrat.

Fracture of Bones.

When a sheep breaks a leg, the usual recourse is the butcher's knife, but with valuable breeding stock this is often unnecessary economy, for treatment is possible as with other small animals. Most shepherds say kill when it is any bone other than those below the knee and back, no matter how valuable the animal may be, but here again we say don't kill, but endeavor to procure union of the bone.

Where the fracture is low down, and the bone comparatively straight, the work of the amateur surgeon is simple. Have an attendant secure the other legs, then cast the patient, bring the broken leg into perfectly natural position, which, with a little further manipulation will bring the broken bones into apposition. If everything is now in readiness, the splints and other dressings may be applied. For a fore leg broken below the knee, use but one splint and wrap it well with cotton batting. Place it behind the leg instead of at one side or in front, and hold it in place by a few turns of cheese cloth bandage. See that the ends of the splint are well covered with batting, then take a two-inch wide plaster of paris bandage, which may be bought in any drug store, soak it well in water and at once bind it around the leg and splint neatly, commencing at the bottom and working up, then down again, and so on until all is in place, when the operation is completed by a cheese cloth bandage applied immediately while the plaster is wet.

The ready-prepared bandage is much nicer to handle and more satisfactory in every way than plaster of paris in bulk prepared at time of use, and another advantage is that it is put up in a tin box and may be kept at hand for an emergency any length of time without losing its virtue, which cannot be said of plaster, which is apt to be found useless just when most required. In adjusting splints to a leg broken just above the knee it is necessary to make the whole leg rigid, hence the splint should extend from the ground up, and all hollows between it and the leg should be well filled with batting before applying the plaster bandage.—American Wool and Cotton Reporter.

The Preservation of Wood.

Never apply paint or any other coating to green or unseasoned timber. If the wood is not well dried, the coat will hasten decay. Oil paints are used to increase the durability by protecting the wood against moisture. An exposed unpainted board becomes gray and fuzzy, warps and checks, the nails rust out, and even if it is not exposed to rain, damp air, steam, etc., occasion similar mischief.

"For coating, coal tar, with or without sand or plaster, and pitch, especially if mixed with oil of turpentine and applied hot, thus penetrating more deeply, answers best. A mixture of three parts coal tar and one part unsalted grease, to prevent the tar from drying until it has time to fill the minute pores, is recommended. One barrel of coal tar, costing $3 or $4, will cover 300 posts. Both tar and oil paint have the disadvantage that they act as mere covers. If the wood has any chance to get moist before painting, they are harmful instead of useful.

Heavy tar oils, freed of their volatile as well as their thick tarry constituents, such as are now offered in the market under the name of carbolineum, are preferable to paints and tars. (B. E. Fernow, circular 20, Division of Forestry, United States Department of Agriculture.) These oils penetrate and act as antiseptics, usually killing the fungi or at least retarding their action and development. They are applied with brush or else as baths, usually and preferably hot. They can not replace paints where the looks of the materials are to be improved. Charring assists merely as an insulator, separating the wood from the ground, and as fungi can not eat their way through charcoal they are prevented from entering. Generally, however, the process develops large cracks, and thus exposes the interior to the attacks of the fungi.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Dipping Sheep for Ticks.

The injury inflicted by the sheep tick upon the flocks can only be roughly estimated. Ticks do not cause death directly nor injure the wool, but cause untold torment by their biting and wandering about over the body. This saps the vigor of the old sheep, retards the growth of the lambs, and makes both susceptible to disease. The tick is a wingless fly about a quarter of an inch long, having a large, strong, reddish-gray body, and six legs. The most opportune time for killing ticks is just after shearing, as the ease of handling and the cost of dip is reduced to the minimum. Nearly all the ticks will leave the sheep for the lambs, so that the work will be very effective if only the lambs are dipped. It is better, however, to dip both old and young. The sheep should be examined carefully about three weeks after dipping and if any eggs escape destruction the sheep should be redipped. The apparatus necessary may consist of only a box or barrel, into which the animal may be submerged, and a table upon which they may be allowed to drain. On the whole it is more economical and satisfactory to use some of the good sheep dips offered upon the market. These dips usually contain arsenic, extract of tobacco, or products obtained from cresote or tar as the destroying agent. As the latter dips are effective and less dangerous in the hands of most people they are to be preferred. The following is highly recommended and may be prepared by any one: Tobacco leaves, 50 pounds; sulphur, 10 pounds; water, 100 gallons. The tobacco is steeped for an hour and a half, the leaves are strained off and the sulphur again boiled for an hour. Keep well stirred and use while warm.—Indiana Experiment Station.

Work the Soil.

The object of tillage is to secure the proper arrangement of soil particles with relation to each other. The stirring of the soil is very beneficial in the destruction of weeds, but any system that will keep the soil in the best physical condition will also keep down the weeds. Soil temperature can be considerably influenced by physical conditions. The water-holding capacity or facility with which water can move through the soil and consequently the supply of plant food which may be carried to the roots of the crop, the amount of water taken to the surface and evaporated, are governed largely by the arrangement of the particles. The free access of air can be secured in sufficient quantities, supplying the necessary amount of oxygen, and the soil can be placed in such a condition of fineness as to allow the perfect root development. The importance of these points makes it necessary to give a great deal of attention to the preparation of the seed bed.—South Dakota Experimental Station.

Loss of New Swarms.

Every bee keeper who relies on gathering his swarms of bees after they have escaped from the hive knows that, despite his best efforts, some of the largest and earliest of his swarms take to the woods, and become the common property, by law, of whoever can find them. But if the bee keeper be active, he can, after finding which direction the swarm is going, follow as fast as he can and locate its new residence. In such case the swarm is no longer a wild one, but belongs to the owner of the bees from which it came. It is usual in the fall to stupefy these bees with smoke, taking the honey out of the tree. We have known bee keepers to take up all of the stupefied bees they can find, being sure to secure the queen, put all together in a hive with some honey for winter feed, and have a new swarm in their apiary next spring. But usually these wild bees are not very successful. Probably those of them which remember their previous life made the mistake when going out to secure honey of trying to find their old home in the wood.—American Cultivator.

Propagating Mountain Ash.

The mountain ash can be propagated by seeds, but they are very slow to start. The berries should be gathered and mixed with soil and left out exposed to the weather for about a year before planting. If mixed with soil and placed in a box with cracks in it, so that water can pass through, the box can be sunk to its edge or a little below in the ground and left out during winter and until the ensuing fall. Then the soil containing the berries can be taken out and spread on the floor to partially dry, so that it can be rubbed through a sieve that will separate it from the seeds. The separation of the seeds is not absolutely necessary, and soil and seeds together may be sown in a drill, covering about an inch deep. The young plants will appear in the spring and can be taken up and tops and roots shortened and transplanted into nursery rows to be grown on until ready for final removal.—Vick's Magazine.

Celery Following Potatoes.

Where potatoes are of early variety and can be gotten off the land in time, they are much the best crop to precede celery. The thorough cultivation which the potato crop needs develops a great amount of plant food in the soil just as the potato vines are ready to die down. The cultivation, we believe, makes the soil just as rich as would a crop of peas, and it certainly leaves the soil in better condition for moisture than a pea crop would do. It is moisture as well as fertility that celery needs to make rapid growth, and thus be made tender and crisp, as celery ought always to be.

Lice on Horses.

First, remove the hens some distance from the stable, then remove all straw and other stuff, and whitewash all parts with hot lime. Boil one pint of stavesacre seeds in twenty pints of water for one hour, let it simmer for one hour longer, strain and add water to make it up to the twenty pints, then wash the horse all over, repeat in a week if the lice are not all destroyed. If you cannot get the stavesacre seeds, use one pound of tobacco instead, made up in the same way.

SOLDIER CLARKE RIDES DOWN A PRECIPICE.

Deeds of daring are characteristic of the war with Spain. American soldiers and sailors only want opportunity to perform acts of heroism that become historic. For the lack of a better cause the spirit of bravery occasionally shows itself in performances more daring than necessary. The steepest hill around Santiago is that of San Juan. That was the hill that the Americans captured on those fatal days in early July when so many of our boys laid down their lives. It was steep enough, but nothing to the precipice on the other side. No man had ever gone down it. Of course no horse had ever tried it. After the famous charge Private Clarke of the rough riders made the blood of his comrades run cold by deliberately riding his horse Dandy to the brink. Dandy never faltered. He put his forefoot into a pocket of stone and started. The next foot was as carefully planted. Two more strides and he was on the face of the cliff. Clarke leaned back as far as he could and talked reassuringly to his gallant steed. Dandy braced back on all four legs and slowly picked his way. The men on the crest of the cliff were afraid to cheer as they watched horse and man picking their way. They were afraid of startling the horse. Down, down they went. From up on the heights horse and man looked like flies. Rocks rolled and slipped and crashed down to the plain below. But never once did Dandy lose his foothold and never once did Private Clarke lose his nerve. Inch by inch the two picked their way, though it looked as if the horse were standing on his head, and as if the man would fall over his head any moment. At last the daring pair reached the bottom. A mighty cheer went up.

CHINA'S "BLACK FLAGS."

In Formosa They Follow the Horrible Practice of Head Hunting.

The Black Flags are again in revolt in China against the authority of the melancholy and feeble emperor, who sits on the dragon throne. These Black Flags are numerous in the southern provinces of the empire and are the most savage of the races living in China.

In Formosa, now a Japanese possession, the Black Flags are strong and practice head hunting. All that the head hunter need carry is a spear to kill, a knife to cut and a bag to put the head in. The spear is twenty feet long, of bamboo, and has an iron, arrow-shaped head eight inches long. The knife, which is carried in the belt, is eighteen inches long, of iron, with a keen edge and point. The bag is of cord and opens and shuts like a net, and is carried over the shoulders. It is large enough to hold two or three heads. Sometimes the head hunter carries a bow and arrows, and occasionally a matchlock gun. If a month goes by without someone in a tribe bringing in a head, the tribe grows restless, and a foray on a Chinese settlement is planned. When, on rare occasions, they start out in the daytime, they go singly. Creeping up behind the workers in the fields, they slay with the spear, and then, the victim being dead or disabled, they finish with the knife. But at night the hunt is conducted in companies. A house is selected and surrounded and the attack is made. Sometimes one hunter, less of a coward than the others, creeps up and sets fire to the thatched shelter. At other times damp grass smudges are thrust through the chinks, and the occupants are smoked out.

When the raid has been successful, and all the heads possible to get are in the bags, the hunters return to their villages to whoop it up. All those who have stayed behind come out of doors to welcome their braves. Everyone shouts and shrieks and howls, making more noise than the village dogs, which is saying a good deal. The story of the raid is told amid great excitement and gesticulation, and the bags are opened for inspection.

The heads are placed in an open space, and the whole village gathers round. Beside the heads is placed a vessel with liquor distilled from the mountain rice. This liquor is believed to be the spirit of the victims, and of it is asked the favor of putting the hunters in the way of getting more heads.

Everyone drinks, men, women and children, and everyone gets drunk. Their yells, so far as they can be reproduced in English, sound like "Hi-yah! Hi-yeh! Hi-yo-heigh!" The demonstrations are kept up three days, and then the heads are disposed of. Sometimes the heads are put on tripod poles, and at other times they are left till the flesh drops off, and then are put up on the poles. Sometimes the heads are boiled and the flesh eaten, and invariably the brains are boiled to a jelly and devoured with a relish.

CHINA'S FEROCIOUS "BLACK FLAGS."

MAKE YOUR OWN FILTER.

Not Difficult or Expensive to Have Pure, Clear Water.

A home-made filter for purifying drinking water for domestic uses is described as consisting of an ordinary decanter, a lamp glass, such as can be purchased anywhere for a few cents, by way of a funnel, and a piece of sponge or cotton wool. Some people prefer cotton wool because it can be thrown away after a time and renewed at a nominal cost. If a sponge is chosen it ought to be taken out often, cleaned in hot salt water and afterward rinsed in cold. The sponge or cotton wool is placed for the distance of an inch in the lamp shade. This is then covered by a layer of fine white sand, which has been washed very clean and placed in a fine lawn bag. This must be packed through the top of the glass and spread out to fit across by the aid of a long pencil or a skewer. On top of the sand must be placed a layer of animal charcoal which has been thoroughly washed by putting it in an earthen vessel and pouring boiling water upon it. This layer should be at least an inch deep, and should be well pressed down upon the layer of sand. The filter is now ready for use. Water is poured into the lamp shade and allowed to percolate slowly through to the decanter beneath. After a time the charcoal will get clogged, and a little must be taken from the top and boiled for a few minutes and then spread out before the fire. It will then be as good as ever, and can thus be cleansed indefinitely. From time to time also the whole apparatus will want cleansing, and the whole of the charcoal, as well as the bag of sand and the cotton wool or sponge, will have to be taken out and thoroughly boiled, or, better still, replaced with new material.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Standard.

If you can put a piece of gum in your mouth and not chew it, you have strong will power.

A VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

A Georgetown Boy Who Owned Up to Another's Offense.

That the days of chivalry are not over and that the spirit of Damon and Pythias is not dead is demonstrated by an incident that occurred at Georgetown University and has just leaked out. A poor young man who had worked his way through college passed his examination and had alluring prospects of employment as soon as the graduating exercises were over, went out with a party of students for a lark one night and got into mischief, as young men often do. It was not a disgraceful act, but it was a violation of one of the most serious rules of discipline, and expulsion was the penalty. The culprit was unknown, except to his companions, and they being scrupulous in the observance of the code of college honor, sealed their lips. But the Jesuit fathers, who compose the faculty, were unusually energetic in their investigations and the evidence was closing around the poor young man in a manner that made him tremble, when Robert A. W. Walsh, a sophomore from St. Louis, entered the office of the president and said: "I did it." Walsh was a quiet, well behaved boy, popular with the faculty and the students, and his confession created a sensation, for he had not been suspected. Nevertheless, discipline must be enforced, and with reluctance and regret he was expelled from the institution. He left Washington, escorted to the railway station by a large body of students, returned to his home at St. Louis and the next fall entered Princeton University. The poor young man received his diploma and went his way rejoicing, but it was noticed that he never spoke of Walsh without emotion. As the young men are no longer students at Georgetown there is no necessity of preserving the secret, and the faculty and the students are all aware that Walsh, being an under-class man and the son of wealthy parents, and having nothing at stake, voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice to save the reputation and the prospects of his friend, who otherwise would have been turned out of the institution in disgrace. The act was done without consultation and without the knowledge of the student who was saved, and has received absolution, and Walsh can return to the university whenever he desires. He prefers to remain at Princeton, however, and the publication of the story now will not injure his reputation.—Chicago Record.

AN INQUIRING LAD.

Personal Adornment Which Appeared to Be Unnecessary.

"When I was down in the Tennessee mountains doing my duty in that peculiar and primitive section," observed the special pension agent, "I had at various times such glimpses of life as you pampered children of the luxurious capital never get. I remember one June morning I arose from my simple bed of clapboards on the loft floor of a log cabin and proceeded down a ladder to the earth, thence a hundred yards down to the creek, where I was afforded ample opportunity for my matutinal ablutions, as the stream was big enough to run a saw mill with.

"As I splashed my face in the clear water and spluttered over it after the usual fashion of a man who likes to wash his face, I was joined by the ten-year-old son of the family with which I was stopping. He stood on the shore watching me with much interest, which I am glad to say I returned with zest, for he was a picture boy. He was sandy and freckled and didn't look as if he had had a bath in the memory of man. His clothes were simple enough, consisting of a cotton shirt and a made-over pair of papa's pantaloons, and there was no hat to hide a head of hair which I am positive never felt the penetrating and persuading influence of a comb. He was too much interested in the mysteries of my toilet to say anything until I took out a pocket comb and began to use it on my tangled locks. After a tug or two at it, looking at him meanwhile, he spoke.

"'Say, mister,' he said, curiously, 'have yer got to do that there?'

"'Do what there?' I smiled in reply.

"'That there that yer doin'.'

"'You mean combing my hair?'

"'Yes.'

"'Of course, it has to be done.'

"'Every mornin' this erway?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Well, geewhillerkins, mister,' he said, with much feeling, 'you must be a heap o' trouble to yerself.'"—Washington Post.

Ruled Against the Digest.

An arrest was made in a country district in this state, and both plaintiff and defendant went to the neighboring county seat to employ an attorney. The day of the trial came and the representative for the defense arrived first on the scene of action. He knew the justice was green, and so, getting confidential with him, said:

"Your Honor, I want to put you on to a trick some of these lawyers have. They have got a lot of ridiculous stuff together, and had it printed in a book. They call it the digest, and they take it round with them to country trials and try to fool the justice. Look out for them."

"Well, they will not fool this court," declared the justice, a look of grim determination overspreading his face.

When the trial began counsel for the prosecution, who had meantime arrived, took up his satchel and commenced taking out a book.

"What's that you got there?" demanded the justice with a look of suspicion.

"Why, your Honor," said the attorney, "that's a digest."

"Well, put it up," fairly yelled the court.

The attorney attempted to remonstrate, but without avail, and he not only had to put up his book, but he lost his suit.—Chicago Post.

Smoked in the Dim Past.

One of the most learned antiquarians, Dr. Petrie, says that smoking pipes of bronze are frequently found in Irish tumuli, or sepulchral mounds, of the most remote antiquity.

By the time a man has learned to speak with discretion and weigh his words carefully, a younger generation springs up, thrusts him in a corner, and will not let him speak at all.

Americans are great people to manufacture burdens, and carry them around.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Doctrine.—Men have no aversion to doctrine itself; but they object to the dullness with which it has been set forth.—Rev. F. James, Episcopalian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Trifling.—To-day sin is made entirely too light of, and is considered as an indifferent matter.—Rev. P. C. Curnick, Methodist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Life.—The soul is dead and the great need is life; that is, power to fulfill the purpose of our creation.—Rev. J. K. Montgomery, Presbyterian, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Love and Duty.—To understand the meaning of work and love and duty is to turn away from war and violence.—Rev. D. S. Jordan, Unitarian, Palo Alto, Cal.

Our Natures.—If our nature were not deep we would work like machines, without suffering and without aspiration.—Rev. C. C. Hall, Presbyterian, New York City.

Salvation.—There is nothing limited, nothing finite about salvation—there are no restrictions, no bounds to the Savior's power.—Rev. Mr. Barbour, Baptist, Columbus, Ohio.

Perfection.—It will be strange if the twentieth century does not show a Christianity as complete and clearly defined as its science.—Rev. T. T. Munger, Unitarian, New Haven, Conn.

Women in War.—Sometimes I think that woman bears the largest part of the burden of war. And she does it unobserved and unapplauded.—Rev. F. Goodchild, Baptist, New York City.

Progress.—It may console and encourage us to remember that conflict of some kind has always been the accompaniment of progress.—Rev. A. V. G. Allen, Episcopalian, Cambridge, Mass.

Our Country.—As far as the strength and stability of this, our beloved country, is concerned, we should ever feel "our sufficiency is of God."—Rev. J. A. Henry, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

Spain.—Spain is behind the lighthouse of civilization, and has stood there for 300 years, admiring her own barbarism and lack of decent respect for the opinions of mankind.—Rev. J. M. Scovell, Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bearing Fruit.—It is undoubtedly true that in the nineteenth century the fruits of Christianity, on its ethical side, have been its most conspicuous manifestations.—Rev. G. P. Fisher, Episcopalian, New Haven, Conn.

Value of Constancy.—It is only the man who remains constant to a purpose that becomes the master in his sphere. Universal, many-sided geniuses are rare. The most of us must be content to undertake a special task. The more singly, the more devotedly we apply ourselves to this the more we are likely to succeed.—Rev. David Philipson, rabbi, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Patriotism.—The best education is that which clarifies, which intensifies true patriotism, and which makes a man a truer man. We all know the dictates of true patriotism.—Rev. Henry Van Dyke, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Gospel of Jesus.—There is no other Gospel that I can present for your guidance in the days that are to come than the life and example of the manliest man that ever lived.—Rev. J. W. Atwood, Episcopalian, Columbus, Ohio.

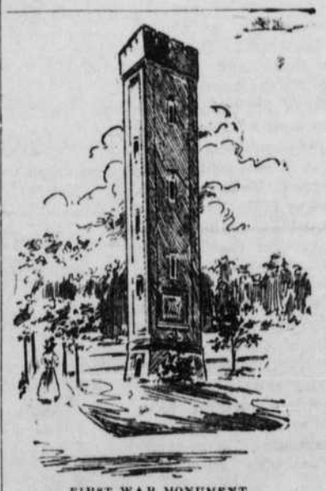
Triumphs of Christ.—The triumphs of Christ during this century seem to be literally invalvuiable. The real triumphs of Christ are to be looked for in the realms of ideas.—Rev. S. D. McConnell, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Time for Prayer.—It is a time when men need to be of a sound mind and to be sober unto prayer. It is a time for serious thought, for high and pure resolve, for consecrated purpose.—Rev. W. Gladden, Congregationalist, Columbus, Ohio.

FIRST WAR MONUMENT.

Erected to the Memory of Fallen Sixth Ohio Volunteers.

Fallen heroes of the Sixth Ohio volunteers have been honored with the first monument to the dead of the Spanish-American war. It stands in a suburb of Cincinnati. The tower, on whose four sides bronze tablets have been placed, guards the entrance to Fort Thomas. It is 100 feet high and each of the tablets is 7x10 feet.



FIRST WAR MONUMENT.

Healthfulness of Watermelons.

There is no danger in eating ripe watermelons if some other food is eaten before. The cooling juices of the melon soothe the stomach, and this fruit is often prescribed by doctors in case of dysentery. Years ago, owing to the great amount of water that the watermelon contains, it was supposed that it was injurious to all who have stomach troubles. But experience has shown that this is a mistake. Many sick people can eat watermelon and retain it on their stomach when all other fruits disagree with them.

If you loaf around a store or office a great deal, remember that you are not welcome.